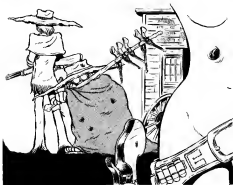


GUN FRONTIER

THE SCARAMOUCHE OF SAINT BOURBON TOWN



IT WON'T DO US
ANY GOOD ARRIVING
AT THIS HOUR OF
THE NIGHT. EVERYONE
WILL BE IN BED AND
THE GATE WILL BE
CLOSED.

WE'RE
FINALLY HERE!
IN BELOVED
BOURBON
TOWN.

DO IT!
PLEASE!

UHH! AH!
THAT'S THE
TICKET!

HAH!
NO!
YES!

WELL, THIS
SOUNDS
LIKE A LIVELY
TOWN.

YOUR'S RIGHT,
BUT OTHERS
SEEM TO BE
OPENING UP!

OH! OH!
HOLD ME!
I'M
DYING!

WE'RE
PROOF
OF THAT.

DRINKING MEN ARE
NEVER UNPOTENT.
DRINKING WOMEN
ARE ALWAYS
BEAUTIFUL.

WAAAAA!
DON'T LET
IT GO TO
WASTE!

FORGIVE...
SHINROGA'S
ALREADY ASLEEP
AND WE CAN'T
REALLY KEEP
ROLLING ALONG
ALL NIGHT LONG.
CAN WE?

WHAT DO
WE DO NOW?

WHO CARES?

THERE ARE
SCAM DOTS
WANDERING AROUND
IN THEIR COUCH
AT THIS TIME OF
NIGHT.

JUST MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T
PULL OUT NOW!
WE'RE ALL MAKING
HORSES HERE,
SO WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM?

ALL THE
CONSTRUCTION
IN THIS TOWN IS
DOGS CHAIR!
THEY OUGHT TO
PULL DOWN THOSE
PAPER-THIN WALLS
AND START OVER.

I'M
IMAGINING!

WEN ARE
DELUSIONAL.
WHY DON'T
YOU JUST
IMAGINE...

AH!

I WANT
TO SEE.

NO...
DON'T
TURN IT
ON.

AHHH!



FOCUS
ON YOUR
IMAGINATION!



THE INSIDE OF
A MAN'S SKULL
IS A SACRED,
MYSTERIOUS WORLD
THAT NONE SHALL
ENTER.

JUST WHAT
WERE YOU
IMAGINING?
IT WAS ONLY
A HIT TOO
FAST.

THAT'S
STEED
FOR A PAINTED
LADY LIKE
YOURSELF.

YOU'RE A
SCHOLAR.
WHY NOT TELL
THAT TO EGGO,
IF YOU
PLEASE.



WONDERFULLY,
THE ONE AT FAULT
HERE IS YOU,
TOCHIRO, SINCE
YOU KEPT
INSISTING ON
COMING HERE.

LOOK
AT THIS!
GODDAMNIT!

AW, SHIT!
NOW WE'VE
GOT A TOAD
STRANGLER
COMING
DOWN!

AND THERE GO
THE HORNS... AGAIN!
ARE WE GOING TO
BE STUCK WITH
HORNES AGAIN
FOREVER?

WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?
IS THAT
IN YOUR
PEOPLE'S
LANGUAGE?

STRANGER
SAID:

JORO.

WHAT'S
HER
NAME?

SORRY,
BUT...
THERE'S
A LADY IN
THIS TOWN
...

OH
NO
NO
NO
...



WHO'S THE
ASSHOLE THAT
SPREAD THE
WORD THAT
BOURBON TOWN
WAS CHOCK-FULL
OF SALOONS AND
FUN, FUN, FUN?

ANYWAY,
I SHOULD
GET DRUNK
AND THEN
LOOK FOR
HER.

I
ONLY SEE
CHURCHES!

NOTHING
INTERESTING WAS
HAPPENING SO
THE PAPER GOT
SO BORED IT WENT
BELLY UP.

WAIT,
IT
WENT
UNDER?

I BET
IT'S THE
MEDIA'S
FAULT.

THE
NEWSPAPER CO.
PRESS

THERE'S
ONE
PLACE.

I'M
GETTING
OUT.

I'M NOT
INTERESTED
IN THIS TOWN
IF THERE'S NO
BOOZE.

The 44-year-old male, who lives in a family group with his wife and two sons, is said to be Vietnamese. He is the eldest of three children. He is 5'8" tall, weighs 160 lbs, has dark hair, and is wearing a dark blue jacket and dark pants. He is wearing a dark blue jacket and dark pants. He is wearing a dark blue jacket and dark pants.









**JUST
KILL
HIM!**

**KILL
FOUR
EYES!**







YOU'RE COMPLETELY RIGHT. I THINK SO TOO!



THERE'S MORE TO A MAN THAN HIS LOOKS, TOCHIRO.

IT'D BE SHAMEFUL FOR OUR MEN. IF WE CAN'T EVEN FIND OUR OWN WOMEN, EVENTUALLY WE'LL DISAPPEAR.



AND SHE'S RUN OFF AGAIN, HUH?



BUT SHUNUKA HAS HER OWN GOALS...

DON'T FORGET SHUNUKA, A WOMAN AMONG WOMEN, HAS CHOSEN TO SIDE WITH US...



FOXER.

SHUNUKA...



THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR
THE TREE,
JUST LIKE
WE ARE.

YOU
STILL DON'T
KNOW THEIR
DESTINATION?



IT
SEEMS.

A GROUP
OF THEM
IS HOLED UP
SOMEWHERE,
RIGHT?



YOU CAN'T
EXTERMINATE
ALL OF THEM—
THEY MIX WITH
THE INDIANS.

I REALLY
WANTED TO
BELIEVE THAT WE
HAD FINISHED
THEM OFF WHEN
WE REDUCED
THEIR TOWN TO
ASHES AT YELLOW
CREEK. .

...



THEN WE
SHOULD ENTER
EACH AND EVERY
INDIAN TOWN
AND KILL
EVERYONE
IN IT.



FOREER,
IS IT YOU
THAT NEEDS
TO KNOW?

I NEED TO
KNOW WHEN,
IN WHAT NUMBER,
AND AT WHICH POINTS
DID THEY ENTER
NORTH AMERICA
AND SETTLE.



SURE.
THIS WAS ALL
INDIAN LAND
IN THE FIRST
PLACE ANYWAY.

THE FOLK UP IN
WASHINGTON
DON'T MIND
EITHER.

ME?
NOT ME.
I COULDN'T
CARE A
CONTINENTAL
ABOUT THEM.

I DON'T GET SUCH
INTELLECTUAL TALK.
THE ONLY THING THAT
MATTERS IS THAT
THERE ARE PEOPLE
WILLING TO PAY FOR
THIS JOB TO GET
DONE.

IN THE END, WE,
TOCHIRO, THE
SPANARDS, THE FRENCH,
AND THAT EMPIRE WHICH
THE SUN SUPPOSEDLY
NEVER SETS, ARE ALL
NOTHING BUT INVADERS.

JUST NOW
I GOT MY
FIRST GOOD
LOOK AT ALL
OF HER...

HOW SO?

SHUNDEAL,
YOU AND NURA
ARE DIFFERENT.

TOCHIRO
IS MINE
TO KILL.

TOCHIRO...
AND HARLOCK...
ARE MEN
AMONG MEN.

NURA IS
FROM
TOCHIRO'S
TRIBE ...
AND SHE IS
A WOMAN
AMONG
WOMEN...







...MORE OF
MY PEOPLE
WILL BECOME
LIKE HER.

IF
WE DON'T
HURRY UP

WELL,
THIS TOWN
IS NO FUN.
LET'S GO
SOMEBODY'S
ELSE.

IT WON'T
BE EASY.

THAT'S WHY
I HATE
HIGHFALUTIN
TOWNS.

SHIT,
NOT ONE
PIECE OF
MEAT SOLD.



Where men kick the bucket in style,
A terrifying place where no one will cry
over a man returned to the desert soil,
Where immortal songs tug at the hearstrings
of men with liquor in one hand and
a woman in the other,
Yes. This is Gas Frontier.

In years to come,
men will cry for those
who passed on,
Gas Frontier!
True men call it home.



WHERE
TO
NOW?

WHERE THE
MEN GET
SQUASHED
AND THE LADIES
GET HAILED OFF,
WE AIM FOR
THE WEST!





LEIJI MATSUMOTO'S *GUN FRONTIER*

CHAPTER 06
HAS BEEN
BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
THE
RABBIT REICH

prettyprophet:
Should we
pull a Back Back,
bleached it all

767235PM:
shhhhhhh

Translator:
idk

Script Editor:
prettyprophet

Cleaner:
7672359440

Typesetter:
prettyprophet

Quality-Check:
bunny_bunny

idk
[CANT DISAPPEAR!]

Bunny_bunny:
Everyone should make
and see and then the
world be one!
ONLY THEN CAN WE
FACE THE REAPERS
AND KELMAGA AND
THOSE GUYS FROM
INFINITE SPACE

**THE RABBITS
NEED TRANSLATORS,
EDITORS, SCANNERS,
RAW PROVIDERS, ETC.**

**CONTACT
PR.RABBIT@GMAIL.COM**

**SERIOUSLY,
HELP US OUT.**



Arrrr!
For Revelry!

Art by
schwarzgold